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WEAK, YET STRONG.

A. J. WYBOR.

We are weaker far than David
When the pride of Gath he slew;
Yet the God in whom he trusted
Will give us the victory too.

He will guide us in the battle
Of the right against the wrong
What though we are small and feeble,
He is ever wise and strong.

And we, like the sling of David,
Guided by His mighty hand,
May o'erthrow the giant evil
That is saddening our land,

Therefore let us battle boldly
'Gainst this enemy of peace,
Till the tears of mourning widows
And the cries of orphans cease;

Till no longer golden corn-fields,
Till no more the graceful vine,
Grant their gifts for draughts of poison—
Foaming bee and sparkling wine.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HIS SERMON AT ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Text—"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." Matt. 7: 2.

In the greatest sermon ever preached—a sermon about fifteen minutes long—according to the ordinary rate of speech—a sermon on the Mount of Olives, the Preacher, sitting while He spake, according to the ancient mode of oratory, the people were given to understand that the same yardstick that they employed upon others would be employed upon themselves. Measure others by a harsh rule, and you will be measured by a harsh rule. Measure others by a charitable rule, and you will be measured by a charitable rule. Give no mercy to others, and no mercy will be given to you. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

There is a great deal of unfairness in the criticism of human conduct. It was to smite that unfairness that Christ uttered the words of the text, and my sermon will be a re-echo of the divine sentiment. In estimating the misbehavior of others, we [illegible]

[illegible] years back. They have not been careful to keep the family record in that regard. There have been escapades and maraudings and scoundrelisms and moral deficits all the way back, whether you call it kleptomania, or pyromania, or dipsomania, or whether it be in a milder form and amount to no mania at all. The strong probability is that the present criminal started life with nerve, muscle, and bone contaminated. As some start life with a natural tendency to nobility and generosity and kindness and truthfulness, there are others who start life with just the opposite tendency, and they are born liars, or born malcontents, or born outlaws, or born swindlers.

There is in England a school that is called the Princess Mary School. All the children in that school are the children of convicts. The school is supported by high patronage. I had the pleasure of being present at one of [illegible] anniversaries in 1879, presided over by the Earl of Kintore. By a wise law in England, after parents have committed a certain number of crimes and thereby show themselves incompetent rightly to bring up their children, the little ones are taken from under pernicious influences and put in reformatory schools, where all gracious and kindly influences shall be brought upon them. Of course the experiment is young, and it has yet to be demonstrated how large a percentage of the children of convicts may be brought up to respectability and usefulness. But we all know that it is more difficult for children of bad parentage to do right than for children of good parentage.

In this country we are taught by the Declaration of American Independence that all people are born equal. There never was a greater misrepresentation put in one sentence than in that sentence which implies that we are all born equal. You may as well say that flowers are born equal, or trees are born equal, or animals are born equal. Why does one horse cost $100, and another horse cost $5000? Why does one sheep cost $10, another sheep cost $500? Difference in blood. We all are wise enough to recognize the difference of blood in horses, in cattle, in sheep, but we are not wise enough to make allowance for the difference in human blood. Now, I demand, by the law of eternal fairness, that you be more lenient in your criticism of those who were born wrong, in whose ancestral line there was a hangman's knot, or who came from a tree, the fruit of which for centuries has been gnarled and worm eaten. Dr. Harris, a reformer, gave some marvellous statistics in his story of what he called "Margaret, the Mother of Criminals." Ninety years ago she lived in a village in upper New York State. She was not only poor, but she was vicious. She was not well provided for. There was no almshouses there. The public, however, somewhat looked after her, but chiefly scoffed at her and derided her and pushed her farther down in her crimes. That was ninety years ago. There have been 623 persons in that ancestral line, 200 of them criminals. In one branch of that family there were twenty, and nine of them have been in State prison, and nearly all the others have turned out badly. It is estimated that family [illegible] cost the county and State $100,000, to say nothing of the property they destroyed. Are you not willing, as sensible people, to acknowledge that it is a fearful disaster to be born in such an ancestral line? Does it not makes great difference whether one descends from Margaret, the mother of criminals, or from some mother in Israel? whether you are the son of Ahab or of Joshua? It is very different thing to swim with the current, as some of you have, no doubt found in your summer recreation. If a man find himself in a ancestral current where there is good blood flowing smoothly from generation to generation, it is not very great credit to him if he turns out good and honest and pure and upright and noble. He could hardly help it. But suppose he is born in an ancestral line, in a hereditay line, where influences have been bad and there has been a coming down over a moral declivity, if the man surrender to the influences he will go down under the overmastering gravitation unless some supernatural aid be awarded him. Now, such a person deserves not your excoriation, but your pity. Do not sit with the lips curled in scorn, and with an assumed air of angelic innocence looking down on such moral precipitation. You had better get down on your knees and first pray, Almighty God for their rescue, and next thank the Lord that you have not been thrown under the wheels Juggernant.

In Great Britain and the United States in every generation, there are tens of thousands of persons who are fully developed criminals and incarcerated. I say in every generation. Then, I suppose, there are tens of thousands of persons not found out in their criminality. In addition to these there are tens of thousands of persons who, not positively becoming criminals, nevertheless have a criminal tendency. Any one of all those thousands, by the grace of God, may become Christians and resist the ancestral influence and open a new chapter of behavior, but the vast majority of them will not, and it becomes all men professional and unprofessional, ministers of religion, judges of courts, philanthropists and Christian workers, to reconize the fact that there are these Atlantic and Pacific surges of hereditary evil rolling on through the centuries

I say, of course, a man can resist this tendency, just as in ancestral line mentioned in the first chapter of Matthew, [illegible] you see in the same line in which there [illegible] a wicked Rehoboam and a des[illegible] is there afterward [illegible] a glorio[illegible] [illegible] clear over into all forms of iniquity and plung into utter abandonment, who before they yielded to the first temptation resisted more evils than many a man who has been moral and upright all his life. But supposing now, that in this age, when there are so many good people, that I come down into this audience and select the very best man in it. I do not mean the man who would style himself the best, for probably he is a hypocrite; but I mean the man who before God is really the best. I will take you out from all your Christian surroundings. I will take you back to boyhood. I will put you in a depraved home. I will put you in a cradle of inquity. Who is that bending over the cradle? An intoxicated mother. Who is that swearing in the next room? Your father. The neighbors come in to talk, and their jokes are unclean. There is not in the house a Bible or a moral treatise, but only a few scraps of pictorial. After awhile you are old enough to get out of the cradle, and, you are struck across the head for naughtiness, but never in any kindly manner reprimanded. After awhile, you are old enough to go abroad and you are sent out with a basket to steal. If you come home without any spoil you are whipped until the blood comes. At fifteen years of age you go out to fight your own battles in the world which seems to care no more for you than for the dog that has died of a fit under the fence. You are kicked and caffed and buffeted. Some day, rallying your courage, you resent some wrong. A man says: "Who are you? I know who you are. Your father had free lodgings at Sing Sing. Your mother, she was up for drunkenness at the criminal court. Get out of my way, you low-lived wretch!" My brother, suppose that had been the history of your advent, and the history of your earlier surroundings, would you have been the Christian man you are this morning, seated in the house of God? I tell you nay. You would have been a vagabond, an outlaw a murderer on the scaffold atoning for your crime. All these considerations ought to make us merciful in our dealings with the wandering and the lost.

Again, I have to remark, that in our estimate of the misdoing of people who have fallen from high respectability and usefulness, we must take into consideration the conjunction of circumstances. In nine cases out of ten, a man who goes astray does not intend any positive wrong. He has trust funds. He risks a part of these funds in investment. He says: "Now, if I should lose that investment, I have of my own property five times as much, and if this investment should go wrong I could easily make it up; I could five times make it up." With that wrong reasoning he goes on and makes the investment, and it does not turn out quite as well as he expected, and he makes another investment, and, strange to say, at the same time all his other affairs get entangled, and all his other resources fail, and his hands are tied. Now he wants to extricate himself. He goes a little farther on in the wrong investment. He takes a plunge farther ahead, for he wants to save his wife and children, he wants to save his home, he wants to save his membership in the church. He takes one more plunge, and all is lost. Some morning at ten o'clock the bank door is not opened, and there is a card on the door signed by an officer of the bank, indicating there is trouble, and the name of the defaulter, or the defrauder, heads the newspaper column, and hundreds of men say, "Good for him;" hundreds of other men say, "I am glad it's found out at last;" hundreds of other men say, "Just as I told you;" hundreds of other men say, "We couldn't possibly have been tempted to do that—no conjunction of circumstances could ever have overthrown me;" and there is a superabundance of indignation, but no pity. The heavens full of lightning, but not one drop of dew. If God treated us as society treats that man, we would all have been in hell long ago! Wait for the alleviating circumstances. Perhaps he may have been the dupe of others. Before you let all the hounds out of the kennel to maul and tear that man, find out if he has not been brought up in a commercial establishment where there was a wrong system of ethics taught; find out whether that man has not an extravagant wife, who is not satisfied with his honest earnings, and in the temptation to please her he has gone into that ruin into which enough men have fallen, and by the same temptation, to make a procession many miles long. Perhaps some sudden sickness may have touched his brain and his judgment may be unbalanced. He is wrong, he is awfully wrong, and he must be condemned, but there may be mitigating circumstances. Perhaps under the same temptation you may have fallen. The reason some men do not steal $200,000 is because they do not get a chance! Have righteous indignation you must about that man's conduct, but temper it with mercy. But you say: "I am so sorry that the innocent should suffer." Yes, I am too—sorry for the widows and orphans who lost their all by that defalcation. I am sorry also for the business men, the honest business men who have had their affairs all crippled by that defalcation—I am sorry for the venerable bank president, in whom the credit of that bank was a matter of pride. Yea, I am sorry also for that man who brought all the distress, sorry that he sacrificed body, mind, soul, reputation, heaven, and went into the blackness of darkness forever.

You say defiantly: "I could not be tempted in that way." Perhaps you [illegible] God has a [illegible] [illegible] bragged [illegible] temptation, and was so uproarious in his demonstrations of indignation at the defalcation fifteen years ago. Let us see." God lets the man go. God, who had kept that man under His protecting care, lets the man go and try for himself the majesty of his integrity. God letting the man go, the powers of darkness pounce upon him.

I see you some day in your office in great excitement. One of two things you can do. Be honest, and be pauperized, and have your children brought home from school, your family dethroned in social influence. The other thing is, you can step a little aside from that which is right, you can only just go half an inch out of the proper path, you can only take a little risk, and then you have all your finances fair and right, you have a large property, you can leave a fortune to your children and endow a college and build a public library in your native town. You halt and wait until your lips get white. You decide to risk it. Only a few strokes of the pen now. But oh, how your hand trembles, how dreadfully it trembles! The die is cast. By the strangest and most awful conjunction of circumstances any one could have imagined, you are prostrated. Bankruptcy, commercial annihilation, exposure, crime. Good men mourn and devils hold carnival, and you see your own name at the head of the newspaper column in a whole congress of exclamation points, and while you are reading the anathema in the reportorial and editorial paragraphs, it occurs to you how much this story is like that of the defalcation fifteen years ago, and a clap of thunder shakes the window-sill, saying: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again!"

You look in another direction. There is nothing like an ebulition of temper to put a man to disadvantage. You, a man with calm pulses and oxine digestion and perfect health, cannot understand how anybody should be capsized in temper by an infinitessimal annoyance. You say: "I couldn't be unbalanced in that way." Perhaps you smile at a provocation that makes another man swear. You pride yourself on your imperturbability. You say with your manner, though you have too much good taste to say it with your words: "I have a great deal more sense than that man has; I have a great deal more equipoise of temper than that man has; I never could make such a puerile exhibition of myself as that man has made."

My brother, you do not realize that that man was born with a keen nervous organization, that for forty years he has been under a depleting process, that sickness and trouble have been helping undo what was left of original healthfulness, that much of his time it has been with him like filing saws, that his nerves have come to be merely a tangle of disorders, and that he is the most pitiable object on earth, who though he is very sick, does not look sich, and nobody sympathizes. Let me see. Did you not say that you could not be tempted to an ebullition of temper? Some September you come home from your summer watering-place, and you have inside, away back in your liver or spleen, what we call in our day malaria, but what the old folks called chills and fever. You take quinine until your ears are first buzzing beehives and then roaring Niagaras. You take roots and herbs, you take everything. You get well. But the next day you feel uncomfortable, and you yawn and you stretch, and you shiver, and you consume, and you suffer. Vexed more than you can tell, you cannot eat, you cannot sleep, you cannot bear to see anything that looks happy, you go out to kick the cat that is asleep in the sun. Your children's mirth was once music to you; now it is deafening. You say, "Boys, stop that racket!" You turn back from June to March. In the family and in the neighborhood your popularity is ninety-five per cent. off. The world says, "What is the matter with that disagreeable man? What a woe-begone countenance! I can't bear the sight of him." You have got your pay at last—got your pay. You feel just as that man felt, that man for whom you had no mercy, and my text comes in with marvellous appositeness: "With what measure ye meet, it shall be measured to you again!"

In the study of society I have come to this conclusion, that the most of the people want to be good, but they do not exactly know how to make it out. They make enough good resolutions to lift them into angelhood. The vast majority of people who fall are the victims of circumstances; they are captured by ambuscade. If their temptations should come out in a regiment and fight them in fair field, they would go out in the strength and the triumph of David against Goliath. But they do not see the regiment. Suppose temptation should come up to a man and say: "Here is alcohol; take three tablespoonfuls of it a day until you get dependent upon it; then after that, take half a glass three times a day until you get dependent upon that amount; then go increasing the amount until you are saturated from morning until night and from night until morning." Do you suppose any man would become a drunkard in that way? Ah, no! Temptation comes and says: "Take these bitters, take this nervine, take this aid to digestion, take this night-cap." The vast majority of men and women who are destroyed by opium and by rum first take them as medicine. In making up your dish of criticism in regard to them, take from the caster the cruet of sweet oil and not the cruet of cayenne pepper. Be easy on them. Do you know how that physician, that lawyer, that journalist, became the victim of [illegible]ipation? Why the physician was [illegible] up night by night on professional [illegible] Life and death hovered in the [illegible] His nervous system was ex[illegible] There came a time of epi[illegible] whole families were pros[illegible] his nervous strength was [illegible] was all worn out in the ser[illegible] the public. Now he must [illegible] self up. Now he stimulates. [illegible] this mother, the life of this [illegible] life of this father, the life of [illegible] family must be saved, and [illegible] families must be saved, and he stimulates, and he does it again. You may criticise his judgment, but remember the process. It was not a selfish process by which he went down. It was magnificient generosity through which he fell. That attorney at the bar for weeks has been standing in a poorly ventillated court-room listening to the testimony and contesting in the dry technicalities of the law, and now the time has come for him to wind up, and he must plead for the life of his client, and his nervous system is all gone. If he fail in that speech his clinent perishes. If he have eloquence enough in that hour his client is saved. He stimulates. He must keep up. He says, "I must keep up." Having a large practice, you see how he is enthralled. You may criticise his judgment, but remember the process. Do not be hard. That journalist has had exhausting midnight work. He has had to report speeches and orations that keep him up till a very late hour. He has gone with much exposure working up some case of crime in company with a detective. He sits down at midnight to write out his notes from a memorandum scrawled on a pad, under most unfavorable circumstances. His strength is gone. Fidelity to the public intelligence, fidelity to his own livelihood demands that he keep up. He must keep up. He stimulates. Again and again he does that, and he goes down. You may criticise his judgment in the matter, but have mercy. Remember the process. Do not be hard.

My friends, this text will come to fulfilment in some cases in this world. The huntsman in Farmsteen was shot by some unknown person. Twenty years after, the son of the huntsman was in the same forest and he accidentally shot a man, and the man in dying said: "My God; I shot your father just here twenty years ago." A bishop said to Louis XI. of France: "Make an iron cage for all those who do not think as we do—an iron cage in which the captive can neither lie down nor stand straight up." It was fashioned—the awful instrument of punishment. After awhile, the bishop offended Louis XI., and for fourteen years he was in the same cage and could neither lie down nor stand up. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

Oh, my friends, let us go home resolved to scold less and pray more. That which in the Bible is used as the symbol of all gracious influences is the dove, not the porcupine. We may so unskilfully manage the lifeboat that we shall run down those whom we want to rescue. The first preparation for Christian usefulness is warm-hearted common-sense, practical sympathy for those whom we want to save. What headway will we make in the judgment if in this world we have been hard on those who have gone astray? What headway will you and I make in the last great judgment when we must have mercy or perish? The Bible says: "They shall have judgment without mercy that showed no mercy." I see the scribes of heaven looking up into the face of such a man, saying: "What! you plead for mercy—you, who in all your life never had any mercy on your fellows! Don't you remember how hard you were in your opinions of those who were astray? Don't you remember when you ought to have given a helping hand you employed a hard heel? Mercy? You must mis-speak yourself when you plead for mercy here. Mercy for others, but no mercy for you.

"Look!" say the scribes of heaven, "look at that inscription over the throne of judgment, the throne of God's judgment." See it coming out letter by letter, word by word, sentence by sentence, until your startled vision reads it, and your remorseful spirit appropriates it: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. Depart, ye cursed!"

THE FIELD AT LARGE.

McPHERSON, Kan., July 16.—The second Prohibition state convention has been held in Kansas. On Tuesday and Wednesday of this week it met at Emporia, a fairly central point though well east of the state's geographical centre. It was large, all things considered, and bent on business. I suppose there were over 300 delegates present before the motion passed making all members who were in accord with the movement. Gray heads predominated but young men were not wanting and everyone appeared in dead earnest. There was no "slate" and inexperience in convention methods could be read through each day's work, but results came about without much friction and were satisfactory.

The choice of candidate for governor revealed a considerable Anti-monopoly and Greenback element, the influence of which, indeed, had been manifest in the platform adopted Wednesday morning, before nominations began. The fact is that Kansas reform factors have fused without any special effort by Prohibitionists to this end: and while this may mean future embarrassment to one or the other of these factors, it brings now a great increase of Prohibition party power. Prohibition is the prime idea, and stands out before every other, but the platform attacks railroad monopoly, and is quite broadly inclusive of reform purposes in general. Its breadth leaves no man a chance to snee[illegible] at Prohibitionists as "a one idea party" in this state.

The Anti-monopoly element came near making trouble on nominee for head of the ticket. Mr. J. W. Forest received 196 votes on the informal ballot, against all other names presented, and was clearly first choice—a young man of fine parts (one of our Bureau contributors, by the way), and hereafter to be heard from. But just when he would have been made the candidate by acclamation, somebody declared him a banker, and a money lender according to Kansas usurious methods, and he was forced off the back in a fashion very humiliating to him though he bore himself most commendably through it all—and not to the credit of anti-monopolistic good sense. In the little storm which this matter excited Gov. St. John showed his great tact and was an influential harmonizing force. To us from the East, who believe most in the Governor, having there known him best, the reception accorded him by those of his own state, who know him better yet, was hardly less gratifying than to him. The Kansas people believe in John P. St. John, however Kansas politicians may curse him, and he can and does appeal to his record for two terms as Governor in proof of clean hands, and clear head and great heart. No state administration was ever more scrupulous than his and no other man in Kansas has ever had his personal following. He could have taken the nomination for Governor and beaten John A. Martin out of sight. Had his motive in all this been mere spite he would have accepted such nomination instead of positively declining it as he did, and we should have seen a bitter fight against Republican leaders, with the sure end of their defeat.

Hon. C. H. Branscombe, who became the nominee, was a Blaine man two years ago, but soon recanted, and stands out now among strong third party leaders. He is much better known than Mr. Forest, and is well spoken of by all. He has had long public experience in various capacities, and is pronounced more fit to be chief executive than Gov. Martin, renominated by the Republicans. At the outset he declined to allow the use of his name and only withdrew his refusal after Mr. Forest's declination, and when his unanimous choice would settle all differences and insure harmony. The entire ticket is excellent; so good, indeed, that Republican papers praise it, and express regret that it must be sacrificed.

The convention mass meetings, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, were held out of doors, to accommodate all who would hear. Great crowds gathered on the public square, and listened with courteous order to the plain truth. Rev. I. K. Funk, D. D., of the *Voice*, M. J. Fanning, of Mich., and myself spoke the first night, and Gov. St. John the second. There were at least 3,000 people who heard St. John—some said 5,000. [illegible] more attentive mass [illegible] opinion. At the convention [illegible] expressions were heard concerning our probable party vote, but I heard none put it less than 25,000. Last night in this town, when I spoke to a fine audience, one leading sympathizer said the vote would not run under 30,000, and he believed it would reach 50,000. He even felt [illegible]ful of Branscombe's election; but he is too sanguine. Still, he was a Blainite in 1884, and here where then but few St. John ballots were cast, they now count over eighty. Many Republicans were at my meeting last night, and listened as if under conviction. There is a strong undercurrent of political change—no doubt of that. It has been quickened by the renomination of Martin, and will grow stronger and swifter until election. Men of shrewd observation say Martin must lose at least 15,000 votes this year as compared with '84. He and Col. D. R. Anthony have an old feud, and Anthony now is publishing in his Leavenworth paper some salient facts. Anthony says the Republican prohibitory plank is a hypocritical pretense, and that Martin is opposed to enforcing prohibition. Anthony cites the defeat of the "Search and Seizure" resolution to prove there is no honest purpose to make prohibition prohibit in full measure; and Anthony is a Republican. It looks as if he might make political life a burden for Gov. Martin from now on; and if he doesn't I've an idea the Prohibitionists will. They have difficulties to overcome, one must confess. Kansas Republicans look no farther than their own boundaries. With prohibition fairly enforced in town and county they are content. The national need is little thought of by them; and their party has credit, in their eyes; for all the good accomplished. They admit that to some extent the Democratic saloon under Glick, has multiplied, as the Republican party drug-store under Martin; but they believe all necessary amendments to the law will soon be made, and the Republican success will insure quickest what they further wish.

A. A. HOPKINS.

PROHIBITION.

In Mecklenburg and Union Counties the local option law is in effect in all the townships save three, I am told. This is more or less the case in several counties throughout North Carolina. Men are fully awake to the fact that the whiskey traffic is injurious to any community and hence have driven it from their immediate communities. We were invited, some time since, to address the people of a township in which local option is and has been for several years in effect, upon Prohibition. After having made a genuine Prohibition speech an inteligent man and a christian came to me and said that he did not believe in my doctrine because it would ruin the—party, and that by local option alone could we hope to make Prohibition effectual. He urges further that it is a moral question and can not be legislated out of existance. These and similar arguments we meet with every day from the intelligent christian and the demijohn politician alike. To all such objectors we offer the same reply. The party that calls by the establishment of good morals, by checking crime, by ceasing to license widow-making and desolating homes, let it die never to be resurrected.

That man who has not enough of christianity to take it into his politics had better pray for more grace. That politician who favors the present license system with its attendant evils would be more useful in some humbler sphere than as a law maker for an intelligent, oppressed people. That man who dreams that whiskey can ever be driven from our state or nation by local option laws is ignorant of the power of the whiskey rings in the politics of to-day or he shuts his eyes to the evil effects of even one bar room in a city, county or state.

We have met with another strong objection to the Prohibition movement. It comes in this wise: "We do not want Northern men and [illegible] an enthusiasm and create a public sentiment and to help the few staunch, brave defenders of this move to educate our people up to what they owe to their posterity and their God along on this line. Gentlemen, your objections are too thin; any man can see your quibling and squirming; be honest and say your objections to Prohibition is based upon love of party or pocket. Public opinion demands either that you be a "pig or a beef" and not a mongrel.

"REX."

Pineville, N. C.

HOW TO HAVE A BAD SCHOOL.

[illegible] courage the [illegible]

6th. Take [illegible] seems to go[illegible] and tell e[illegible] the teache[illegible]

7th. N[illegible] obey the [illegible] punished [illegible] fore you [illegible] the teac[illegible] matter i[illegible] or allow [illegible] teache[illegible]

8th [illegible] your c[illegible] they m[illegible] teacher[illegible]

[illegible] ing a bad school; to see your children grow up vicious and ignorant or look back with bitter censure on their parents for robbing them of their birth-right: you will see the morals of your district degenerate and decent and enterprising people move out of it.